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MONUMENT TO VAN TROMP, AT DELFT.

Delft is an ancient town of South Holland, between Rotterdam and Leyden, and about eight miles distant from the former.* Its celebrity in the manufacture of earthenware is almost forgotten among the excellence of our own potteries. The place has, however, more lasting claims on our memory; as the birthplace of Grotius, and the burial-place of Van Tromp and Peter Heyns. The latter is a fine, old, Gothic church, which is often inspected by sight-hunting tourists.

Van Tromp, or Martin Herbertson Tromp, will be remembered as the most celebrated admiral of his time. He was born at Brill, in 1597. He went to sea when young, with

his father, and was taken prisoner in a combat with an English piratical vessel, on board which he continued two years. Being restored to his country, he was made lieutenant on board a ship of the line in 1622; and two years afterwards he received the command of a frigate. After experiencing some neglect, he was created lieutenant admiral in 1637, and appointed commander of a squadron of eleven vessels, with which he attacked and beat a superior fleet of the Spaniards.

But the principal services of Tromp were against the English, in which he was pitted with our heroic Blake. Before the declaration of hostilities against Holland in 1652, a rencontre took place in the Downs between Tromp and Blake, which was disadvan-

* See an Engraving and Description of Delft, in the Mirror, vol. v. p. 161.

tageous to the former. He was dismissed from his command, but, soon after, being restored, he fought a second battle with Blake, in which he was beaten; and a third, an outline of which, with the further services of the Dutch admiral, are thus sketched in Mr. Grattan's clever *History of the Netherlands* :—

"In the month of May, 1652, Tromp, commanding forty-two ships of war, met with the English fleet under Blake, in the Straits of Dover; the latter, though much inferior in number, gave a signal to the Dutch admiral to strike, the usual salutation of honour accorded to the English during the monarchy. Totally different versions have been given by the two admirals of what followed. Blake insisted that Tromp, instead of complying, fired a broadside at his vessel; Tromp stated that a second and a third bullet were sent promptly from the British ship while he was preparing to obey the admiral's claim. The discharge of the first broadside is also a matter of contradiction, and, of course, of doubt. But it is of small consequence; for, whether hostilities had been hurried on or delayed, they were ultimately inevitable. A bloody battle began: it lasted five hours. The inferiority in number on the side of the English was balanced by the larger size of their ships. One Dutch vessel was sunk; another taken, and night parted the combatants.

"The states-general heard the news with consternation: they despatched the grand pensionary Pauw on a special embassy to London. The imperious parliament would hear of neither reason nor remonstrance. Right or wrong, they were resolved on war. Blake was soon at sea again with a numerous fleet; Tromp followed with a hundred ships; but a violent tempest separated these furious enemies, and retarded for awhile the rencounter they mutually longed for. On the 16th of August, a battle took place between the Sir George Ayscue and the renowned De Ruyter, near Plymouth, each with about forty ships, but with no decisive consequences. On the 28th of October, Blake, aided by Bourn and Pen, met a Dutch squadron of nearly equal force off the coast of Kent, under De Ruyter and De Witt. The fight which followed was also severe, but not decisive; though the Dutch had the worst of the day. In the Mediterranean, the Dutch admiral Van Galen defeated the English captain Baddely, but bought the victory with his life. And on the 29th of November, another bloody conflict took place between Blake and Tromp seconded by De Ruyter, near the Goodwin Sands. In this determined action, Blake was wounded and defeated; five English ships taken, burnt, or sunk; and night saved the fleet from destruction. After this

victory, Tromp placed a broom at his mast-head, as if to intimate that he would sweep the Channel free of all English ships.

"Great preparations were made in England to recover this disgrace: eighty sail put to sea under Blake, Dean, and Monk, so celebrated subsequently as the restorer of the monarchy. Tromp and De Ruyter, with seventy-six vessels, were despatched on the 18th of February, escorting three hundred merchantmen up Channel. Three days of desperate fighting ended in the defeat of the Dutch, who lost ten ships of war and twenty-four merchant vessels. Several of the English ships were disabled, one sunk; and the carnage on both sides was nearly equal. Tromp acquired prodigious honour by this battle; having succeeded, though defeated, in saving, as has been seen, nearly the whole of his immense convoy. On the 12th of June and the day following, two other actions were fought: in the first of which the English admiral Dean was killed; in the second, Monk, Pen, and Lawson amply revenged his death, by forcing the Dutch to regain their harbours with great loss.

"The 21st of July was the last of these bloody and obstinate conflicts for superiority. Tromp issued out once more, determined to conquer or die. He met the enemy off Scheveling, commanded by Monk. Both fleets rushed to the combat. The heroic Dutchman, animating his sailors with his sword drawn, was shot through the heart with a musket-ball. This event, and this alone, won the battle, which was the most decisive of the whole war. The enemy captured or sunk nearly thirty ships." The body of Tromp was carried with great solemnity to the church of Delft, where the magnificent mausoleum in the engraving was erected over the remains of this eminently brave and distinguished man.

Cornelius Tromp, son of the preceding, and, by his bravery and patriotism, a son worthy of such a sire, who died in 1691, was buried in his father's splendid tomb at Delft. Like his father, he distinguished himself against the navies of Britain. With De Ruyter, he was engaged in the famous battle in the Downs, in June, 1666, which lasted four days. After the peace of 1675, he visited London, and was created a baronet by Charles II.

The print shows this monument to be elaborately embellished. The effigies, of white marble, is recumbent upon a pedestal tomb, bearing on its front a representation of one of Tromp's engagements. Above the effigies are emblematic figures bearing arms, &c., and over them is a tablet with a brief epitaph; this space being flanked with pilasters, enriched with emblems of maritime warfare. Above the entablature are the full arms of Tromp; on each side of which is a grotesque

figure, blowing a shell. The monument stands in a recess between clustered columns, and the light through a window on the left brings out the details of the sculpture with good effect. The materials are mostly black and white marble.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

By M. L. B.

THE bird on the bough,
The bee on the flower,
Eve's cool, perfum'd air,
And still, sunset hour;
I feel that they were,
For with them wert Thou,

Lindor!

Then music and mirth
From greenwood and wild,
Ere day went to rest,
Like a play-worn child,
Seem'd blessing, the best
And dearest on earth—

Lindor!

And dost thou forget
On parting, that eve,
Thy promise remained,
Which should not deceive?
Yet long years have wan'd,
And we have not met—

Lindor!

In cool breezes now
Pale lily bells ring;
In dim, moonlit air,
Fond nightingales sing:—
They come—but, ah! where
And why, ling'ringest Thou—

Lindor?

The Sketch-Book.

CHAMBORD.—II.

BEFORE the erection of the present chateau, there already existed on the same spot an old edifice, which, from the twelfth century, was a country seat, often inhabited by the ancient counts of Blois, of the houses of Champagne and Chastillon. It was then called Chambord-Montfrault, from the name of another building still more ancient, situated at some distance from it, near the locality of the present *Pavillon de Montfrault* in the park. The antiquity of the reports respecting this older chateau, is lost in a remote, popular tradition, similar to that of the *Black Huntsman*, so prevalent in the north of Europe, and become so familiar to ourselves by the enchanting music of *Der Freyschutz*; and which borrows in each country the name of some redoubtable personage, who dwelt there in some remote epoch, and whose memory still survives. When the timid peasant, who has "eaten of the insane root," wanders at midnight near the pavilion of Montfrault, he is still in danger of meeting a nocturnal hunter, clothed in black, and attended by black dogs, who is no other than Thibault of Champagne, surnamed the *Old*, or the *Chent*, the first hereditary Count of Blois, and one of the most perfect types of an

iron baron of the early times of the feudal system. Often, too, nightly noises of men, horses, dogs, and horns, are heard to depart from Montfrault, and return after an aerial chase, with no visible appearance of horses, dogs, or huntsmen!

The historical recollections relative to Chambord, however, are very rare until the period of Francis I.; the most remarkable on record being the costly funeral of Jehan de Chastillon, Count of Blois, in the year 1280, which occupied two days in proceeding in state from the chateau to the abbey of Guiche, which he had founded, three leagues from Blois, on the right bank of the Loire. In 1498, Chambord became united to the crown domains, when Louis of Orleans, twenty-third hereditary Count of Blois, ascended the throne of France under the name of Louis XII. It was then only used as an occasional hunting rendezvous; the brilliant princes of the house of Orleans deserting the gloomy fortress, (for the pleasure residence of the old counts was nothing better,) for mansions in a more elegant style, introduced into France by the Italian architects.

The construction of the new edifice was commenced by Francis I., it is supposed in the year 1526, after his return from captivity; and the works were pushed on with great activity, 1,800 men being employed upon them for upwards of twelve years. It is somewhat singular that the architect of so conspicuous an edifice, built, too, in comparatively modern times, should not be with certainty known: it has generally been attributed to Primaticcio, though sometimes to Il Rosso, or even Vignolle; but there are reasons of some weight for supposing that the merit is due to an artist of Blois, whose name has escaped the researches of antiquarians. If so, in the spirit of the inscription to Wren in St. Paul's, and with still more literal application, we must look upon the work itself as his monument.

It may also appear surprising that the gay and gallant Francis, (whose brilliant reign established kingly despotism among his subjects, as that of his great rival the Emperor Charles V. did in Spain, and his burly contemporary, our own Henry, in England,) should have chosen for his fine building so wild a scene, whilst, at a short distance, the rich banks of the Loire afforded a multitude of admirable positions; but this is accounted for by his passion for the chase, and, perhaps, by a circumstance of powerful effect upon the feelings of so chivalrous a prince—the recollection of the visits he had made, when only Duke of Angoulême, to the manor of the beautiful Countess of Thoury, situated in the neighbourhood—reminiscences of a first love!

The apartments of the king were in the wing of the chapel, which has been named

after the family of Orleans who had inhabited it. The sculptured ornaments are there in greater profusion than in any other parts of the chateau, and Francis was particularly attached to the tower which terminated it. There is situated the outbuilding alluded to in the description previously quoted, which seems to have been an afterthought; and in which may be remarked a double flight of steps, and a subterranean gallery below the oratory, communicating with the ditches of the chateau. The terrace above it was accessible from the king's bedchamber, and was one of the spots that most delighted him. He was fond, in the fine summer nights, of passing hours there in gallant converse with those male and female courtiers, who were called, "*la petite bande de la cour*;" and for the convenience of whose intrigues, the secret staircases and dark passages on this side of the castle were, no doubt, planned.

Francis I., in the latter years of his life, frequently visited Chambord, accompanied by his excellent sister, the Queen of Navarre, for whom he always retained the greatest tenderness, and whose delicate and lively wit afforded him some relief from the approaches of premature old age, and the fits of melancholy to which he was often subject. She was with him when, in one of those moments of gloom, recalling to mind the time when his successes with the fair sex were more sure and durable, he wrote on one of the windows of his chamber, with the point of a diamond he wore upon his finger, this couplet so often quoted since:—

*Souvent femme varie,
Bien fol est qui s'y fie.*

Oh, woman! ever prone to rove,
He's but a fool that trusts your love.

Margaret of Navarre could afford to allow this effusion of spleen to remain—her "withers were unwrung;" but, in after times, Madame de la Valliere seems to have deemed it a libel, (the greater the truth the greater the libel;) for Louis XIV., to prove he was of her opinion, (he was then young and happy,) is said to have sacrificed the offending pane to her displeasure. Would that some careful lover of relics had at the moment concealed it where it might have been turned up by a congenial spirit of our own times! What a competition would it have excited amongst our Jonathan Oldbucks! What a charm would it have thrown over the pursuits of antiquarianism!

Towards the close of the year 1545, Francis I. for the last time visited Chambord, which he left unfinished to Henry II., the successor to the crown and to the tastes of his father, having the same predilection for the chateau of Chambord, and continuing its works on the same plans. The ciphers of Henry and Diana of Poitiers, interlaced with

her emblem the crescent, show the portion of the edifice erected by him. Of this favourite, who became Duchess of Valentinois, her royal lover must have been passionately enamoured, thus to consecrate the memory of his weakness upon the public fabrics of his reign; while it appears she inadequately returned his devotion, since the following adventure is related by M. Merle as having occurred at Chambord:—

"In the journeys of the Court, when the queen was of the party, Diana of Poitiers did not reside in the chateau, but occupied a house situated in the middle of the park, then called the hotel of Montmorency. The king did not fail to visit her there every evening in the most rigid incognito. As the hour was always regularly fixed, Brissac, who had captivated the heart of the favourite, could pass in her company every instant not dedicated to her by the king. One night, the charms of an interview had caused the two lovers to forget the hour of separation, when her attendants came to inform them that the king must soon arrive, and that the flambeaux of his pages were already seen under the subterranean vault through which he came out of his apartments. Brissac had barely time to steal away as fast as he could across the alleys of the park, to avoid meeting his illustrious rival. In his flight, he ran direct against Claude de Tais, the grand master of artillery, who rallied him upon the emotion that agitated him in his nocturnal promenades, hinting that he divined the cause. Brissac, piqued at the ironical tone of this official, complained to the Duchess of Valentinois, who, to console him, managed to deprive Tais of his place of grand master, and give it to her lover. The count perceived too late that discretion is one of the most useful virtues in a court, and so far profited from his lesson, as not even to venture to complain of it."

However, if the beautiful Diana was fickle in life, at least she has remained constant *in effigy*, upon the elaborate and admirably worked monument she erected in memory of her husband, in that glorious pile, the cathedral of Rouen; where still it

stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.

The fatal and premature death of Henry II. prevented Chambord from being finished, as, no doubt, it otherwise would have been by him; and the short reign of Francis II. furnishes nothing particular on the subject.

During her regency, Catherine de Medicis, who was fond of the exercise of riding, as well as hunting, often came to Chambord. In the evening, she was wont to ascend the lantern tower, in company with astrologers, to consult the heavens and the stars, as was also her custom at the castle of Blois, where

she had a regular observatory, the site of which is still pointed out.

Charles IX., who loved the chase to distraction, was a frequent visitor to Chambord, where he performed the feat of coursing a stag without the aid of dogs, an exploit celebrated by a poet of the time, who compared the prince to Hercules, and wished he was able to place him in the sky, as the prize of his victory, under the form of a constellation that might shed its favourable influence over future hunters. Charles continued the works of Chambord, but, for want of funds, more slowly than Henry II., though sufficiently to place the chateau in nearly the same state as we now see it; subsequent possessors having done little more than supply necessary repairs.

We may pass over the reigns of about the worst and the best of the French line of kings—of Henry III., the rural sports of Chambord not suiting the effeminate and mysterious pleasures of his court; and of the *bon roi* Henry IV., who neglected it for Fontainebleau and St. Germain's, political motives also preventing him leaving the neighbourhood of the capital.

Louis XIII. came sometimes to Chambord, and partly directed its embellishment. It was there the circumstance occurred which gives so good an idea of his habitual prudery. Wishing to read a letter which Mademoiselle de Hauteport, to whom he was attached in his way, had concealed in her bosom, and not venturing to take it with his hand, he sought a pair of tweezers to lift it with! It has been well observed, that his father, Henry IV., would, in such a juncture, have shown either more delicacy or more rudeness.

Louis, in 1635, gave the county of Blois, of which the domain of Chambord formed part, as an increase of appanage to his brother, Gaston of Orleans, who often inhabited it, particularly during the last eight years of his life, which he passed in exile in his county. His daughter, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, having been taken there very young, thus commemorates in her memoirs the *naïve* remembrance of her first arrival:—

"One of the most curious and remarkable things about the house is the staircase, so constructed that one person may ascend and another descend without meeting, though they see each other; and Monsieur was much amused in tricking me upon it at first. He was at the top when I arrived; he descended as I went up, and laughed heartily to see me run in expectation of catching him: I was also very glad at the pleasure he experienced, and still more when I joined him."

She then little thought, that thirty years later, this chateau would witness the commencement of a passion, which was to fill with bitterness the remainder of her life. M. Merle affirms that it was at Chambord

she confessed to her lover the affection she felt for him, by breathing upon a glass, and writing with her finger the name of *Lauzun!* W. G. 131.

The Naturalist.

SHAKESPEARE'S KNOWLEDGE OF NATURAL HISTORY.

[Our esteemed and indefatigable Correspondent, Mr. J. H. Fennell, some time since announced for publication a work illustrative of Shakespeare's knowledge of Natural History, a design to which we cordially wish success, inasmuch as it must prove a mine of entertaining research to every admirer of our great Dramatist, and present opportunities for the correction of many misconceptions of Shakespeare's writings, and many errors in the several branches of natural knowledge. Mr. Fennell brings to his task a good acquaintance with the works of the best naturalists, and untiring aptitude for literary inquiry, with an enthusiasm moderated by judgment; all which qualifications fit him eminently for his difficult, but, we doubt not, pleasing labour. He has submitted a few extracts from his manuscript in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the present month, "in the hope that some readers, admirers of our great dramatic bard, may be induced to favour him with such information respecting his life and writings as may not have hitherto attracted public notice." Of these specimens we quote a few.]

CRICKET (Field).—Field crickets possess very acute hearing, which is proved by their instantly ceasing to chirp on the slightest noise being produced near their station. Mammilius, when about to tell a tale of "sprites and goblins," says,

"I will tell it softly,
Yon crickets shall not hear it."

Winter's Tale, II. 1.

Professor Rennie observes that this passage "shows that Shakespeare had a more accurate knowledge of insects than two of our most distinguished naturalists, Linnæus and Bonnet, who are disposed to deny that insects hear at all."

DEWBERRY.—Titania, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, instructing the Fairies how to treat Bottom, tells them to

"Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries."
(III. 1.)

The word *dewberry* being applied to more than one species of fruit, and the above mention being so deficient in points that might assist in fixing the identity, it is a matter of doubt to which of them Shakespeare alludes. Hawkins says, dewberries are properly the fruit of a species of wild bramble, called the creeping or lesser bramble, but contends that from their being here included among the more delicate fruits "they must be understood to mean raspberries, which are, also, of the bramble kind." Pye says, "the dewberry is well known all over England by those who speak the English language, to be the fruit of that bramble called by Millar '*Rubus minor fructu cæruleo*,' from which circumstance it is sometimes vulgarly called the *blue-berry*. It is a very delicate fruit, and as

well worthy of horticulture as the strawberry." Henley asserts, that by dewberries Shakspeare does not mean the fruit of the bramble, but gooseberries, "which are," he observes "still so called in several parts of the kingdom." On this assertion, Pye challenges the annotator to mention any one part of the kingdom where gooseberries are called dewberries. Now, if he had read Culpepper's Herbal, he might have found it distinctly stated, that in Sussex the gooseberry-bush is called the dewberry-bush. This old herbalist, indeed, applies the word dewberry to no other fruit but the gooseberry.

DOG-APES.—Jacques, in *As You Like It*, (ii. 5.), mentions "dog-apes." Maplett in his "Green Forest, or a Natural History," (1667), says, that according to Isidore, there are five kinds of apes, and that one of these "is not much unlike our dog in figure or shew." It is most probable that Shakspeare and Isidore both mean what naturalists call the dog-faced baboon, the *Simia hamadryas* of Linneus, the *Cynocephalus hamadryas* of Desmarest. This species has been known nearly 300 years, and is stated to have been first described by Gesner, whose death took place soon after the birth of Shakspeare.

EEL.—Boulton, in *Pericles* (iv. 3.), notices that thunder awakens "the beds of eels." It is a decided fact that in thunder storms eels are in extraordinary commotion. Mr. Yarrell, in his valuable notes on the generation of eels, states that "Dr. Marshall Hall subjected some eels to a very slight galvanic discharge passed through a vessel of water containing them, and observed them to become, in consequence, violently agitated." This high degree of irritability of the muscular fibre, Mr. Yarrell regards as explanatory "of the restless motions of eels during thunderstorms."²

FERN.—It was anciently supposed that "fern-seed" was only obtainable at the exact hour of the night on which St. John the Baptist was born, and the superstitious believed that if they gathered it at that particular time it would endow them with the power of walking invisible.

Godshill.—"We steal us in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible."
Chamberlain.—"Nay, by my faith, I think you are more indebted to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible."—(*Hen. IV. Part I. ii. 1.*)

Some appear to have suspected from their never finding fern exhibiting anything like what is commonly called seed, that the assertion of their becoming invisible who could gather it, was merely made to induce the credulous to engage in a vain search. Thus in a curious work, entitled *Athenian Sport* (1707), I find it insinuated that the idea of fern having seed is only imaginary:—

² Jesse's Gleanings in Nat. Hist. (2nd Series) p. 73.

"Who would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself of fears?
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally without seed;
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination."

Others did not directly deny the existence of this plant's seed, but from their not finding what they would consider as such, concluded that it was, therefore, very scarce. Culpepper, writing of fern, "the seed of which," he observes, "some authors hold to be so rare," says, "such a thing there is, I know, and may be easily had upon Midsummer eve, and, for aught, I know, two or three days after it, if not more."

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to state, that though ferns are flowerless, destitute of those reproductive organs, called *pistil* and *stamen*, which the higher classes of plants possess, and also destitute of what we should regard as seed by comparison with that of flowering plants, yet they have attached to the under sides of their leaves (or to speak botanically, their fronds), at a certain season numerous dust-like particles which are analogous to seeds, as each distinct particle will produce a fern like its parent.

GLow-WORM.—This, insect, so famous for its luminousness, is a species of beetle—the *lampyris noctiluca*. *Pericles* mentions,

"a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light."
Pericles, ii. 3.

The Ghost, noticing the short time it has to spare to converse with Hamlet, on account of the approach of morning, the time when all spirits vanish, remarks that,

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire."—*Hamlet, i. 5.*

At the approach of dawn the glow-worm's light begins gradually decreasing, until at length it is extinguished on the disappearance of night's darkness. By designating its light "uneffectual," Shakspeare alludes, I think, to the circumstance that its utility is so unapparent that it seems to answer no effect or purpose. Various naturalists have offered their respective notions concerning the object for which nature has furnished the glow-worm with this remarkable property. Thus, Dumeril, Kirby, Spence, Knapp, and others, contend that the female, who is wingless, possesses this light that it may serve as "a lamp of love" to guide the winged male to her. The Baron de Geer objects to this notion, because the glow-worm shines when in its infant states of larva and pupa, in both of which states it cannot propagate, and consequently can have no need of a "lamp of love." Others urge in objection, the fact that not merely the female but the male also, is luminous, the discovery of which circumstance has, hitherto, been ascribed to Ray, and has since been corroborated by the observations of Waller, Geoffroy, and Muller.

Kirby and Spence, again, conjecture that it may defend the insect from its enemies, by its radiance dazzling their eyes. "Possibly," says Waller, "the use of this light is to be a lantern to the insect in catching its prey, and to direct its course by in the night, which is made probable by the position of it on the under part of the tail, so that by bending the same downwards (as I always observe it do) it gives a light forward upon the prey or object. The luminous rays in the meantime not being at all inconvenient to its sight, as they would have been if this torch had been carried before it. This conjecture is also favoured by the placing of the eyes, which are on the under part of the head, not on the top."

In the preceding quotation from Hamlet, Shakspeare by applying the possessive pronoun "his" to the glow-worm, when referring to its "ineffectual fire," ascribes luminosity to the male; thus placing himself, perhaps alone, in opposition to other poets and the majority of prose writers, who would have us believe, for the sake of a pretty idea, that only the female is luminous, that she—poor, wingless creature!—may attract the winged male. I have already cited the names of Ray, Waller, Geoffroy, and Muller, as observers of the luminosity of the male.

Shakspeare has committed an error respecting the part where the light is situated in the insect, as in the Midsummer Night's Dream he makes Titania order the fairies to light their tapers "at the fiery glow-worm's eyes." "I know not," says Johnson, "how Shakspeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail." Johnson's note is a very proper one, the larva of the glow-worm emitting its light from only the two last segments of the abdomen, and the imago, or perfect insect, from only the four last segments of the abdomen.

When Sir Hugh Evans, as a satyr, is dancing round Herne's Oak, with his party disguised as fairies, he says,

"Twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree."

Merry Wives of Windsor, v. 5.

HEDGEHOG.—The hedgehog's usual mode of defence is by folding itself into the shape of a round ball, and at the same time erecting the numerous sharp spines with which its back is all over beset, so as to prick him who touches it.

Cædmon. Hedgehogs
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot falls."—*Tempest*, ii. 2.

In reference to its spines, one of the fairies in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" calls it the "thorny hedgehog." (ii. 3.)

It is well known that the hedgehog is a nocturnal animal, seeking food and society in the night; but Shakspeare is probably the

first writer who affirms that it utters its peculiar cry at that time:

Tamora.—"When they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
Ten thousand ^{urchins} ~~urchins~~
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly."

Titus Andronicus, ii. 3.

One of the witches in Macbeth also notices the "hedge-pig whines" at midnight, (iv. 1.)

"The hedgehog," says Mr. Denson, "I have heard it stated, whines by night, frequently, at short intervals, and this so audibly as to alarm the traveller unfamiliar with its sound, who may trip, lonely, in the still hour of night, the road skirted by the plantation or hedge-row in which hedgehogs may be."

A friend of mine tells me that a hedgehog which he kept, ran about at night uttering sharp cries.

Antiquariana.

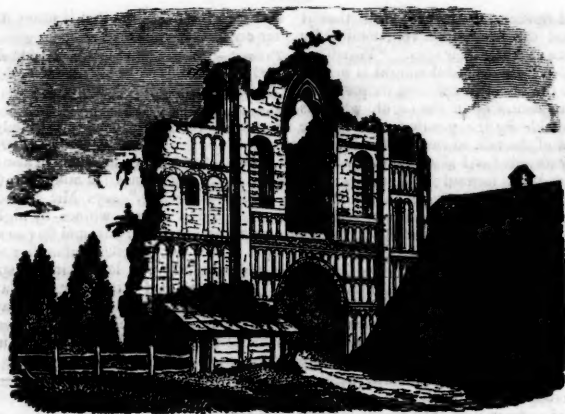
CASTLE ACRE PRIORY, NORFOLK.

THESE ruins are rich in the interesting characteristics of Anglo-Gothic architecture; as the semicircular arch, and small columns clustering about a doorway, or in relief against a wall; and the deep, receding moulding, with its peculiar, zig-zag ornament. Added to these are some specimens of the early, pointed arch, distinguished by its impressive simplicity from the arches of a later period.

The monastery of Castle Acre was erected by William de Warren, the first Earl of Surrey, in 1085; who is said to have been persuaded to this act of piety by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury. The earl, in a pilgrimage to Rome, with Gundred, his wife, visited several religious houses, and, among them, the abbey of Cluni, in Burgundy, where he was so well pleased with his reception and entertainment, that he determined the priory which he was about to endow should be for monks of the Cluniac order: it was dedicated to St. Mary, and made dependent upon another monastery, which the earl had founded near his castle, at Lewes, in Sussex. On his return from Burgundy, he brought with him, from the Abbey of Cluni, four of the monks, whom he placed in the Priory of Castle Acre; he subsequently increased their number to twelve; and, with his son, and other persons, made numerous grants to the establishment. The convent, with all its appurtenances, was surrendered in 1533, by the prior and ten of the monks, who were moved thereto by conscience, some having been found guilty of great licentiousness.

The priory church was a venerable pile of freestone and flint; and great part of its

* *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. viii., p. 110.



(Castle Acre Priory.)

western end remains, as shown in the above Print. Here was the principal entrance through a large, circular, receding arch, supported on each side by three handsome columns; the mouldings of which arch, richly ornamented, are still in good preservation, though the shafts of the columns are broken from their capitals. Over the door is the case of an elegant pointed window, with a few fragments of its tracery. On each side of the great window is a circular arch, with zig-zag mouldings sustained by a slender column; below these is a tier of small circular arches, and under them is a projecting moulding, supported by grotesque heads; beneath this moulding is a range of intersecting arches, and rising from the ground another range of the same description; the intermediate space being filled with a tier of small arches like those above. The centre of the west front was flanked by two towers, each containing a circular door leading into the aisles. On the south side was the cloister part of which, with a fine ornamented doorway, is shown in the Engraving.

New Books.

IRVING'S LEGENDS OF SPAIN.

(Concluded from page 63.)

[We are now enabled to bring to a close the fearful career of]

Count Julian and his Family.

On the following morning, a messenger arrived with tidings that the Bishop Oppas had been made prisoner in battle by the insurgent Christians of the Asturias, and had died in fetters in a tower of the mountains. The same messenger brought word that the

Emir Alahor had put to death several of the friends of Count Julian; had obliged him to fly for his life to a castle in Arragon; and was embarking with a formidable force for Centa.

The Countess Frandina, as has already been shown, was of courageous heart; and danger made her desperate. There were fifty Moorish soldiers in the garrison; she feared that they would prove treacherous, and take part with their countrymen. Summoning her officers, therefore, she informed them of their danger, and commanded them to put those Moors to death. The guards sallied forth to obey her orders. Thirty-five of the Moors were in the great square, unsuspecting of any danger, when they were severally singled out by their executioners, and, at a concerted signal, killed on the spot. The remaining fifteen took refuge in a tower. They saw the armada of the emir at a distance, and hoped to be able to hold out until its arrival. The soldiers of the countess saw it also, and made extraordinary efforts to destroy these internal enemies, before they should be attacked from without. They made repeated attempts to storm the tower, but were as often repulsed with severe loss. They then undermined it, supporting its foundations by stanchions of wood. To these they set fire, and withdrew to a distance, keeping up a constant shower of missiles to prevent the Moors from sallying forth to extinguish the flames. The stanchions were rapidly consumed; and when they gave way the tower fell to the ground. Some of the Moors were crushed among the ruins; others were flung to a distance, and dashed among the rocks: those who survived were instantly put to the sword.

The fleet of the emir arrived at Ceuta about the hour of vespers. He landed, but found the gates closed against him. The countess herself spoke to him from a tower, and set him at defiance. The emir immediately laid siege to the city. He consulted the astrologer Yuza, who told him that, for seven days, his star would have the ascendant over that of the youth Alarbot; but after that time the youth would be safe from his power, and would effect his ruin.

Alahor immediately ordered the city to be assailed on every side, and at length carried it by storm. The countess took refuge with her forces in the citadel, and made a desperate defence; but the walls were sapped and mined, and she saw that all resistance would soon be unavailing. Her only thoughts now were to conceal her child. "Surely," said she, "they will not think of seeking him among the dead." She led him, therefore, into the dark and dismal chapel. "Thou art not afraid to be alone in this darkness, my child?" said she.

"No, mother," replied the boy, "darkness gives silence and sleep." She conducted him to the tomb of Florida. "Fearest thou the dead, my child?" "No, mother, the dead can do no harm,—and what should I fear from my sister?"

The countess opened the sepulchre. "Listen, my son," said she. "There are fierce and cruel people who have come hither to murder thee. Stay here in company with thy sister, and be quiet as thou dost value thy life!" The boy who was of a courageous nature, did as he was bidden, and remained there all that day, and all the night, and the next day until the third hour.

In the mean time the walls of the citadel were sapped, the troops of the emir poured in at the breach, and a great part of the garrison was put to the sword. The countess was taken prisoner and brought before the emir. She appeared in his presence with a haughty demeanour, as if she had been a queen receiving homage; but when he demanded her son, she faltered, and turned pale, and replied, "My son is with the dead."

"Countess," said the emir, "I am not to be deceived; tell me where you have concealed the boy, or tortures shall wring from you the secret."

"Emir," replied the countess, "may the greatest torments be my portion, both here and hereafter, if what I speak be not the truth! My darling child lies buried with the dead."

The emir was confounded by the solemnity of her words; but the withered astrologer, Yuza, who stood by his side regarding the countess from beneath his bushy eyebrows, perceived trouble in her countenance and equivocation in her words. "Leave this

matter to me," whispered he to Alahor; "I will produce the child."

He ordered strict search to be made by the soldiery, and he obliged the countess to be always present. When they came to the chapel, her cheek turned pale and her lip quivered. "This," said the subtle astrologer, "is the place of concealment."

The search throughout the chapel, however, was equally vain, and the soldiers were about to depart, when Yuza remarked a slight gleam of joy in the eye of the countess. "We are leaving our prey behind," thought he; "the countess is exulting."

He now called to mind the words of her asseveration, that her child was with the dead. Turning suddenly to the soldiers, he ordered them to search the sepulchres. "If you find him not," said he, "drag forth the bones of that wanton Florida, that they may be burnt, and the ashes scattered to the winds."

The soldiers searched among the tombs, and found that of Florida partly open. Within lay the boy in the sound sleep of childhood, and one of the soldiers took him gently in his arms to bear him to the emir.

When the countess beheld that her child was discovered, she rushed into the presence of Alahor, and forgetting all her pride, threw herself upon her knees before him.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried she, in piercing accents, "mercy on my son—my only child! O emir! listen to a mother's prayer, and my lips shall kiss thy feet. As thou art merciful to him, so may the most high God have mercy upon thee, and heap blessings on thy head!"

"Bear that frantic woman hence," said the emir; "but guard her well."

The countess was dragged away by the soldiery, without regard to her struggles and her cries, and confined in a dungeon of the citadel.

The child was now brought to the emir. He had been awakened by the tumult, but gazed fearlessly on the stern countenances of the soldiers. Had the heart of the emir been capable of pity, it would have been touched by the tender youth and innocent beauty of the child; but his heart was as the nether millstone, and he was bent upon the destruction of the whole family of Julian. Calling to him the astrologer, he gave the child into his charge with a secret command. The withered son of the desert took the boy by the hand, and led him up the winding staircase of a tower. When they reached the summit, Yuza placed him on the battlements.

"Cling not to me, my child," said he; "there is no danger." "Father, I fear not," said the undaunted boy; "yet it is a wondrous height!"

The child looked around with delighted

eyes. The breeze blew his curling locks from about his face, and his cheek glowed at the boundless prospect; for the tower was reared upon that lofty promontory on which Hercules founded one of his pillars. The surges of the sea were heard far below beating upon the rocks, the sea-gull screamed and wheeled about the foundations of the tower, and the sails of lofty caraccas were as mere specks on the bosom of the deep.

"Dost thou know yonder land beyond the blue water?" said Yuza.

"It is Spain," replied the boy; "it is the land of my father and my mother."

"Then stretch forth thy hands and bless it, my child," said the astrologer.

The boy let go his hold of the wall, and, as he stretched forth his hands, the aged son of Ishmael, exerting all the strength of his withered limbs, suddenly pushed him over the battlements. He fell headlong from the top of that tall tower, and not a bone in his tender frame but was crushed upon the rocks beneath.

Alahor came to the foot of the winding stairs.

"Is the boy safe?" cried he.

"He is safe," replied Yuza; "come and behold the truth with thine own eyes."

The emir ascended the tower and looked over the battlements, and beheld the body of the child, a shapeless mass, on the rocks far below, and the sea-gulls hovering about it; and he gave orders that it should be thrown into the sea, which was done.

On the following morning, the countess was led forth from her dungeon into the public square. She knew of the death of her child, and that her own death was at hand; but she neither wept nor supplicated. Her hair was dishevelled, her eyes were haggard with watching, and her cheek was as the monumental stone; but there were the remains of commanding beauty in her countenance; and the majesty of her presence awed even the rabble into respect.

A multitude of Christian prisoners were then brought forth; and Alahor cried out—"Behold the wife of Count Julian; behold one of that traitorous family which has brought ruin upon yourselves and upon your country." And he ordered that they should stone her to death. But the Christians drew back with horror from the deed, and said—"In the hand of God is vengeance, let not her blood be upon our heads." Upon this the emir swore, with horrid imprecations, that whoever of the captives refused should himself be stoned to death. So the cruel order was executed, and the Countess Frandina perished by the hands of her countrymen. Having thus accomplished his barbarous errand, the emir embarked for Spain, and ordered the citadel of Ceuta to be set on fire, and crossed the straits at night by the light of its towering flames.

The death of Count Julian, which took place not long after, closed the tragic story of his family. How he died remains involved in doubt. Some assert that the cruel Alahor pursued him to his retreat among the mountains, and, having taken him prisoner, beheaded him; others that the Moors confined him in a dungeon, and put an end to his life with lingering torments; while others affirm that the tower of the castle of Marcuello, near Huesca, in Arragon, in which he took refuge, fell on him and crushed him to pieces. All agree that his latter end was miserable in the extreme, and his death violent. The curse of Heaven, which had thus pursued him to the grave was extended to the very place which had given him shelter: for we are told that the castle is no longer inhabited, on account of the strange and horrible noises that are heard in it; and that visions of armed men are seen above it in the air; which are supposed to be the troubled spirits of the apostate Christians who favoured the cause of the traitor.

In after times a stone sepulchre was shown, outside of the chapel of the castle, as the tomb of Count Julian: but the traveller and the pilgrim avoided it, or bestowed upon it a malediction; and the name of Julian has remained a by-word and a scorn in the land for the warning of all generations. Such ever be the lot of him who betrays his country!

Here end the legends of the conquest of Spain.

Written in the Alhambra, June 10, 1829.

The Nobelist.

THE GERMAN STUDENT'S STORY.

(From Mr. Fay's Novel of Norman Leslie.)

"I HAVE myself," said Kreutzner, "witnessed many duels; but we are not so blood-thirsty, generally speaking, as you moral Americans. We usually settled these matters with a sword, a better method, by-the-way, and more worthy of a soldier than your cold, murderous pistol-firing. Any poltroon may pull a trigger, but it requires the firm hand and steady eye of a man to manage the steel. However, as I was saying, when I was at Jena they called each other out as merrily as beaux and belles to a dance. It was but the treading on a toe—the brushing of an elbow; nay, an accidental look that fell on them when they wished not observation, and the next day, or, by St. Andrew, the next hour, there was the clash of steel, and the stamping of feet on the greensward; and the kindling and flashing of fiery eyes—and plunge and parry, and cut and thrust, till one or both lay stretched at length; a pass through the body

—a gash open in the cheek—the skull cleft down, or a hand off, and the blood bubbling and gushing forth like a rill of mountain-water. There were more than one of those fellows—devils, I must say, who, when they found among them some strange student, timid or retired, with whose character they were unacquainted, or whose courage they doubted, would pass the hint out of mere sport; brush his skirt, charge the offence upon him, demand an apology too humble for a hare, and dismiss him from the adventure only with an opened shoulder, or daylight through his body.

"There was among us one fellow named Mentz, who assumed, and wore with impunity, the character of head bully. He was foremost in all the devilry. His pistol was death, and his broadsword cut like the scissors of fate. It was curious to see the fellow fire—one, two, three, and good-by to his antagonist. His friendship was courted by all; for to be his enemy was to lie in a bloody grave. At length, grown fearless of being called to account, he took pride in insulting strangers, and even women. His appearance was formidable: a great burly giant, with shaggy black hair, huge whiskers, and grim mustaches, three inches long, twisted under his nose. A sort of beauty he had too: and among the women—heaven help us—wherever those mustaches showed themselves every opponent abandoned the ground. It was, at last, really dangerous to have a sweetheart; for out of pure bravado Mentz would push forward, make love to the lady, frighten her swain, and either terrify or fascinate herself. Should the doomed lover offer resistance, he had no more to do but call a surgeon; and happy enough he considered himself if he escaped with the loss of his teeth or an eye. He had killed four men who never injured him—wounded seventeen, and fought twenty duels. He once challenged a whole club, who had black-balled him anonymously; and was pacified only by being re-admitted, though all the members immediately resigned, and the club was broken up.

"At last there came a youth into the university—slender, quiet, and boyish-looking, with a handsome face, though somewhat pale. His demeanour, though generally shy, was noble and self-possessed. He had been but a short time among us, however, before he was set down as a cowardly creature, and prime game for the 'devils broke loose,' as the gang of Mentz termed themselves. The coy youth shunned all the riots and revels of the university—insulted no one; and if his mantle brushed against that of another, apologized so immediately, so gracefully, and so gently, that the devil himself could not have fixed a quarrel upon him. It soon appeared, too, that Gertrude, the lovely daughter of the Baron de Saale—the toast of

all the country—upon whom the most of us had gazed as on something quite above us—it soon appeared that the girl loved this youthful stranger. Now Mentz had singled Gertrude out for himself, and avowed his preference publicly. Arnold, for thus was the new student called, was rarely, if ever, tempted to our feasts; but once he came unexpectedly on a casual invitation. To the great surprise and interest of the company, Mentz himself was there, and seated himself unabashed at the table, though an unbidden guest. The strongest curiosity at once arose to witness the result; for Mentz had sworn that he would compel Arnold, on their first meeting, to beg pardon on his knees for the audacity of having addressed his mistress. It had not appeared that Arnold knew anything of Mentz's character, for he sat cheerfully and gaily at the board, with so much the manners of a high-born gentleman, that every one admitted at once his goodness, his grace, and his beauty; and regretted the abyss on the brink of which he unconsciously stood.

"What, ho!" at length shouted Mentz, as the evening had a little advanced, and the wine began to mount: 'a toast! Come—drink it all; and he who refuses is a poltroon and a coward. I quaff this goblet—fill to the brim—to the health and happiness of Gertrude de Saale—the fairest of the fair! Who says he knows a fairer is a black liar, and I will write the word on his forehead with a red-hot brand.'

"Every goblet was emptied but one, which stood untasted—untouched. On perceiving this, the ruffian leaning forward, fixed his eyes on the cup, struck his brawny hand down fiercely on the table, which returned a thundering clash and rattle, and then repeated, in a voice husky with rage—

"There is a cup full: by St. Anthony! I will make the owner swallow its measure of molten lead, if it remain thus one instant longer.'

"Drink it, Arnold—drink it, boy; keep thy hand out of useless broils,' whispered a student near him, rather advanced in age.

"Drink, friend!' muttered another, dryly, 'or he will not be slow in doing his threat, I promise thee.'

"Empty the cup, man!' cried a third; 'never frown and turn pale, or thy young head will lie lower than thy feet ere to-morrow's sunset.'

"It is Mentz, the duellist,' said a fourth. 'Dost thou not know his wondrous skill. He will kill thee as if thou wert a deer, if thou oppose him in his wine. He is more merciless than a wild boar. Drink, man, drink!'

"During this interesting scene, the youth had remained motionless, cool, and silent. A slight pallour, but evidently more of indignation than fear, came over his handsome

features; and his eyes dilated with emotion, resting full and firm upon Mentz.

"By the mass, gentlemen!" he said at length, "I am a stranger here, and ignorant of the manners prevalent in universities; but if yonder person be *anne*, and this no joke—" "Joke!" thundered Mentz, foaming at the lip.

"I must tell you that I come from a part of the country where we neither give nor take such jokes, or such insults."

"Hast thou taken leave of thy friends?" said Mentz, partly hushed by astonishment; and art thou tired of life, that thou hurriest on so blindly to a bloody pillow! Boy! drink, as I have told thee, to Gertrude, fairest of the fair! And his huge round eyes opened, like those of a bull, upon a dazing victim.

"That Gertrude de Saale is fair and lovely," cried the youth, rising, "may not be denied by me. But—I demand by what mischance I find her name this night common at a board of rioters, and polluted by the lips of a drunkard and a ruffian?"

"By the bones of my father," said Mentz, in a tone of deep and dire anger, which had ere then appalled many a stout heart—"by the bones of my father, your doom is sealed! Be your blood on your own head. But," said he, observing that the youth, instead of cowering, bore himself more loftily, "what folly is this! Drink, lad, drink! and I hurt thee not! I love thy gallant bearing—and my game is not such as thou."

"He added this with a wavering of manner which had never before been witnessed in him, for never before had he been opposed so calmly and so fiercely; and, for a moment, he quailed beneath the fiery glances darted at him from one whom he supposed meeker than the dove. But, ashamed of his transient fear, he added:

"Come to me, poor child! Bring with thee thy goblet—bend at my foot—quaff it as I have said, and—out of pity—I spare thy young head."

"What was the astonishment of the company on beholding Arnold, as if effectually awed by a moment's reflection, and the ferocious enmity of so celebrated and deadly a foe, actually do as he was commanded. He rose, took the cup, slowly approached the seat of his insulter—knelt and raised the rim to his lips. Murmurs of 'shame, shame, poltroon, coward!' came hot and thick from the group of spectators who had arisen in the excitement of their curiosity, and stood eagerly bending forward, with every eye fixed upon the object of their contempt. A grim smile of savage triumph distorted the features of Mentz, who shouted, with a hoarse and drunken laugh—

"Drink deep—down with it—to the dregs!"

"Arnold, however, only raised the rim to his lips, and waited a moment's silence, with an expression so scornful and composed that the hisses and exclamations were again quelled; when every sound had ceased to a dead silence:

"Never," he said, "shall I refuse to drink to the glory of a name I once loved and honoured—Gertrude, fairest of the fair! But! he added, suddenly rising and drawing up his figure, with a dignity that silenced every breath, 'for thee, thou drunken, bragging, foolish beast! I scorn—I spit upon—I defy thee! and—thus be punished thy base, brutal insolence, and thy stupid presumption.'

As he spoke he dashed the contents of the ample goblet full into the face of Mentz; and then, with all his strength, hurled the massy goblet itself at the same mark. The giant reeled and staggered a few paces back; and, amid the shining liquor on his drenched clothes and dripping features, a stream of blood was observed to trickle down his forehead.

"Never before was popular feeling more suddenly and violently reversed. The object of their vilest execrations flashed upon them with the immediate brightness of a superior being. A loud and irrepressible burst of applause broke from every lip, till the broad and heavy rafters above their heads, and the very foundations of the floor, shook and trembled. But the peal of joy and approbation soon ceased; for although this inspiring drama had so nobly commenced, it was uncertain how it might terminate. Before the tyrant recovered from the stunned and bewildered trance into which the blow, combined with shame, grief, astonishment, and drunkenness, had thrown him, several voices, after the obstreperous calls for silence usual on such occasions, addressed the youth, who stood cool and erect, with folded arms, waiting the course of events.

"Brave Arnold! noble Arnold! A gallant deed! The blood of a true gentleman in his veins!"

"But, canst thou fight," cried one.

"I am only a simple student, and an artist by profession. I have devoted myself to the pencil—not the sword."

"But thou canst use it a little—canst not?" asked another.

"But indifferently," answered the youth.

"And how art thou with a pistol?" demanded a third.

"My hand is unpractised," replied Arnold. "I have no skill in shedding human blood."

"Fore heaven! then, rash boy, what has tempted thee to this fatal extremity?"

"Hatred of oppression," replied the youth, "in all its forms; and a willingness to die rather than submit to insult."

"Die then thou shalt! and that ere to—

morrow's sun shall set!" thundered Mentz, starting up in a phrensy, and with a hoarse and broken voice that made the hearts of the hearers shudder as if at the howl of a dog or a demon. "I challenge thee to mortal combat."

"And I accept the challenge."

"It is for thee to name time, place, and weapon; but, as thou lovest me, let it not be longer than to-morrow night, or I shall burst with rage and impatience."

"I love thee not, base dog!" replied Arnold; "but thou shalt not die so inglorious a death. I will fight with thee, therefore, to-night."

"By heaven, boy!" cried Mentz, more and more surprised, "thou art in haste to sup in hell!" and the ruffian lowered his voice. "Art thou mad?"

"Be that my chance," answered Arnold: "I shall not be likely to meet, even in hell, a companion so brutal as thou—unless, which I mean shall be the case, thou bear me company."

"To-night then be it," said Mentz; "though to-night my hand is not steady; for wine and anger are no friends to the nerves."

"Dost thou refuse me, then?" demanded the youth with a sneer.

"By the mass, no! but to-night is dark; the moon is down; the stars are clouded, and the wind goes by in heavy puffs and gusts. Hear it even now."

"Therefore," said the youth, apparently more coldly composed as his fierce rival grew more perceptibly agitated—"therefore will we lay down our lives here—in this hall—on this spot—on this instant—even as thou standest now."

"There is no one here who will be my friend," said Mentz; so evidently sobered and subdued by the singular composure and self-possession of his antagonist, that all present held him in contempt, and no one stirred.

"No matter," cried Arnold; "I will myself forego the same privilege."

"And your weapons?" said Mentz.

"Are here," cried Arnold, drawing them from his bosom; "a surer pair never drew blood. The choice is yours."

"The company began now to fancy that Arnold had equivocated in disclaiming skill as a duellist; and, from his invincible composure, thought him a more fatal master of the weapon than the bully himself. The latter also partook of this opinion."

"Young man," he cried, in a voice clouded and low; but stopped, and said no farther.

"Your choice!" said Arnold, presenting the pistols.

"Mentz seized one desperately, and said—"

"Now name your distance."

"Blood-thirsty wolf," said Arnold, "there shall be no distance!" He then turned and addressed the company.

"Gentlemen," said he, "deem me not either savage or insane, that I sacrifice myself and this brutal wretch thus before your eyes, and to certain and instant destruction. For me, I confess I have no value in life. Her whom I loved I have sworn to forget; and if I existed a thousand years, should probably never see again. This ruffian is a coward, and fears to die; though he does not fear daily to merit death. I have long heard of his baseness, and regard him as an assassin.—the enemy of the human race and of God—a dangerous beast—whom it will be a mercy and a virtue to destroy. My own life I would well be rid of, but would not fling it away idly when its loss may be made subservient to the destruction of vice and the relief of humanity. Here, then, I yield my breath; and here, too, this trembling and shrinking craven shall close his course of debauchery and murder. My companions, farewell: should any one of you hereafter chance to meet Gertrude de Saale, tell her I nobly flung away a life which her falsehood had made me despise. And now, recreant," he said, in a fierce tone, turning suddenly toward Mentz, "plant thy pistol to my bosom, as I will plant mine to thine. Let one of the company cry three, and the third number be the signal to fire."

"With an increased paleness in his countenance, but with even more ferocity and firmness, Arnold threw off his cap, displaying his high brow and glossy ringlets. His lips were closed and firm; and his eyes, which glistened with a deadly glare, were fixed on Mentz. He then placed himself in an attitude of firing; broadened his exposed chest full before his foe; and with a stamp of fury and impatience raised the weapon. The brow-beaten bully attempted to do the same; but the pistol, held loosely in his grasp, whether by accident or intention, went off before the signal. Its contents passed through the garments of Arnold, who, levelling the muzzle of his own, cried calmly—"On your knees, base slave! vile dog! down! or you die!"

"Unable any longer to support his frame, the unmasked coward sunk on both knees and prayed for life with right earnest vehemence. Again wild shouts of applause and delight, and peals of riotous laughter, stunned his ears. As he rose from his humiliating posture, Arnold touched him contemptuously with his foot. Groans and hisses now began to be mingled with several missiles. Mentz covered his face with his hands and rushed from the room. He was never subsequently seen among us."

The prudent man may direct a state, but it is the enthusiast who regenerates it, or ruins. —*Buher.*

The Public Journals.

THE ART OF DINING.

It is not merely the expense, but the trouble and fuss of dinner-giving on the present system, that checks the extended practice of "the Art," and imposes a galling restraint on sociability—many a man, to whom a few pounds are a matter of indifference, being deterred by the prospect of having the lower part of his premises converted into a laboratory for a week. We shall, therefore, endeavour to facilitate the adoption of the simple method, enumerating some of the many excellent things to be found within the precincts of our own country, by those who know when and where to look for them. Much of what we are presently about to state may prove interesting to ornithologists, ichthyologists, and other ologists, as well as to aristologists.

On the subject of soup we merely wish to discountenance the custom of beginning dinner with any strong compound not especially intended as a point in the repast. Such things as turtle at the Albion, *potage à la Meg Merrilies* at Dalkeith, or grouse soup at Hamilton—(made on the principle of a young grouse to each of the party, in addition to six or seven brace stewed down beforehand for stock)—are graces beyond the reach of ordinary art, and may be regarded as exceptions to rule; but we must say that to begin by stuffing one's self with ox-tail or *mock* turtle when two or three dishes of merit are to follow, argues a thorough coarseness of conception, and implies, moreover, the digestive powers of an ostrich. Spring soup, or *Julienne*, is the proper thing in the ordinary run of houses in this country, where varieties of the simple *potage* are unknown. Palestine soup (one of Ude's last) is strictly within our category, when it can be got, the principal ingredient being the Jerusalem artichoke, whence the name. White soup is a shade too solid, but permissible. As regards spring soup, we recommend Birch's.

Fish richly merits a chapter to itself, but as we are not writing a book, we must confine ourselves to a limited number of hints. Our first relates to the prevalent mode of serving, which is wrong. The fish should never be covered up, or it will suffer fatally from the condensation of the steam. Moreover the practice of putting boiled and fried fish on the same dish cannot be too much reprobated, and covering hot fish with cold green parsley is abominable. Sometimes one sees all these barbarities committed at once, and the removal of the cover exhibits boiled and fried fish both covered with parsley, the fried fish deprived of all its crispness from contact with the boiled, and both made sodden by the fall of the condensed steam from the cover; so the only merit the fish has is

being hot, which it might have just as well if it followed instead of accompanying the soup. It is commonly made an object to have *fine large slices* of cod, as they are called. There is no error greater than this. Cod ought to be crimped in thin slices, and you will then have the whole of your fish boiled equally, whilst in thick slices the thin or belly part is overdone before the thick part is half boiled. Another advantage is that you need not put your fish into the kettle (it ought always to be put into *boiling* water) until your guests are arrived. Of sauces, we hold Dutch sauce to be applicable to all white-fleshed fish, except perhaps cod, when oyster sauce may be allowed. There is little mystery in the composition of oyster sauce, but lobster sauce is not so generally understood. The lobster should be chopped much smaller than ordinarily, and the sauce should be composed of three parts cream to one of butter, a slight infusion of cayenne, with salt and cavice or coratch, both which may be had of the best quality at Morel's. Lobster sauce leads us by a natural transition to salmon. The Christchurch is decidedly the best in England, for the Thames may now almost be considered extinct, not more than four having been caught within the last four years, though a good many have been sold as such. The salmon at Killarney, broiled, toasted, or roasted on arbutus skewers, is a thing apart, and unfortunately inimitable. The Dublin haddock is another untransportable delicacy peculiar to the sister island; but to prevent Scotland from becoming jealous, we will venture to place the fresh herring of Loch Fyne alongside of it. The Hampshire trout enjoy a prescriptive celebrity, but we incline to give the Colne and the Carshalton river the preference. Perch (Thames) and tench are always very good with Dutch sauce. Perch are best water-zoutched, or fried in batter as they used to be at Staines. The superabundant introduction of sea fish has unduly lowered the character of carp; when fat, he is a dish for a prince. Pike (Dutch sauce, again) are capital if bled in the tail and gills as soon as caught; they die much whiter (which is a comfort to themselves), and look better at table. Pike is capitally dressed at the White Hart, at Salisbury.* London is principally supplied with eels from Holland, and whole

* Mr. Jones, the worthy landlord of the White Hart, has learnt the science of good eating by practising it. He often orders down from London a couple of quarts of turtle and a haunch of venison for his own eating, and sits down to dinner by himself; scorning all assistance but that of a bottle of Madeira and two bottles of old Port. Generally speaking, country inns are sadly deteriorated; and if, amongst their numerous commissions, Government would send out one to investigate their state, a real benefit would be conferred on the community. The main cause, we fear, is the increased rapidity and facility of travelling, which render it unnecessary (for anybody but a Whig commissioner) to sleep upon the road.

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cargoes are daily sent up the river to be eaten as Thames or Kennett eels at Richmond, Eel-pie Island, &c. A Dutch eel, small in the head and kept long enough in clean water to purify him, is far from a contemptible commodity; but this creature is certainly to be had in the highest perfection at Godstow, —which is, or used to be, the favourite side-table of the Oxonians,—at Salisbury, Anderton, or Overton. The landlord of the principal inn at Overton was formerly cook at the York House, at Bath, whilst under the management of Ryley, to whom it is indebted for its celebrity. We take this opportunity of mentioning that we were in error in supposing that the wager respecting the relative merits of the Albion and York House dinners, mentioned in a former number,* was left undecided. It was really won by a refinement of Ryley's in causing *his* finger-glasses to be supplied with rose-water. The gudgeons at Bath will be found well deserving of the attention of the connoisseur; they are little, if at all, inferior to the most delicate smelts. The best lampreys are from Worcester.

The mullet have now deserted Weymouth for the coast of Cornwall, whither we recommend the connoisseur to repair in the dog days, taking care to pay his respects to the dories of Plymouth on the way,—and he will have the pleasure of following the example of Quin. There are epicures who combine these luxuries, eating the flesh of the dory with the liver of the mullet; but though the flesh of the mullet be poor, it is exactly adapted to the sauce which nature has provided for it, and we consequently denounce all combinations of this description as heterodox. The Brighton dories are also very fine, and the Jersey mullet are splendid, weighing often three or four pounds apiece. To procure fish, particularly fresh-water fish, in the highest perfection, you had better give a hint, two or three days in advance, to Grove of Charing-cross, the first fishmonger in Europe, as Lord Harrington emphatically termed him the other day within hearing of a friend of ours. "You see, sir," said the gentleman who attends the shop, modestly justifying the commendation, "when these sort of people get tired of cod and salmon, we know how to tip them something nice and natty,—like a perch or trout and so forth."

We shall next set down a few specialties regarding birds. The greatest novelty, perhaps, is the poachard or dun-bird, a species of wild-fowl, supposed to come from the Caspian sea, and caught only in a single decoy on the Misley Hall estate, Essex, in the month of January in the coldest years. The mildness of the season kept them away during the winters of 1833-4 and 1834-5; but a few have arrived within the last month, (Jan.,

1836.) and were generally admired by those who had the good fortune to become acquainted with them. Their flesh is exquisitely tender and delicate, and may almost be said to melt in the mouth, like what is told of the celebrated canvass-back duck of America; but they have little of the common wild duck flavour, and are best eaten in their own gravy, which is plentiful, without either cayenne or lemon-juice. Their size is about that of a fine widgeon.

Ruffs and reeves are little known to the public at large, though honourable mention of them is made by Bewick.† The season for them is August and September. They are found in feany countries, (those from Whittlesea Meer, in Lincolnshire, are best,) and must be taken alive and fattened on boiled wheat, or bread and milk mixed with hemp-seed, for about a fortnight, taking good care never to put two males to feed together, or they will fight *à l'outrance*. These birds are worth nothing in their wild state, and the art of fattening them is traditionally said to have been discovered by the monks in Yorkshire, where they are still in high favour with the clerical profession, as a current anecdote will show. At a grand dinner at Bishopthorpe (in Archbishop Markham's time) a dish of ruffs and reeves chanced to be placed immediately in front of a young divine who had come up to be examined for priest's orders, and was considerably (or, as it turned out, inconsiderately) asked to dinner by his grace. Out of sheer modesty the clerical tyro confined himself exclusively to the dish before him, and persevered in his indiscriminating attentions to it till one of the resident dignitaries (all of whom were waiting only the proper moment to participate) observed him, and called the attention of the company by a loud exclamation of alarm. But the warning came too late; the ruffs and reeves had vanished to a bird, and with them, we are concerned to add, all the candidate's hopes of Yorkshire preferment are said to have vanished too.—*Quarterly Review*.

† History of British Birds, vol. ii., p. 93.

The Gatherer.

Sir Walter Scott and Lady Morgan.—Sir Walter Scott was a Scotchman; his novels are enough to convince us of this fact. His exclusive love of Scottish subjects proves his love for Scotland; revering the old customs of his country, he makes amends to himself, by faithfully portraying them, for not being able to observe them more religiously; and his pious admiration for the national character shines forth in the willingness with which he details its faults. An Irish lady—Lady Morgan—presents herself as the natural rival of Sir Walter Scott, in

* Quarterly Review, No. CVII., p. 141.

persisting, like him, in writing only on national topics : but there is in her works much more love of celebrity than attachment to country, and much less national pride than personal vanity. — Lady Morgan seems to paint Irishmen with pleasure ; but it is an Irishwoman whom she, above every thing and every where, paints with enthusiasm : and that Irishwoman is herself. Miss O'Halligan in O'Donnell, and Lady Clancare in Florence MacCarthy, are neither more nor less than Lady Morgan, flattered by herself. — *Victor Hugo.*

The Old Haymarket Green Room.—It was literally a green room, into which light was admitted by a thing like a cucumber-frame at one end of it. It was matted, and round the walls ran a bench covered with faded green stuff, whereupon the *dramatis personæ* deposited themselves until called to go on the stage ; a looking-glass under the skylight, and a large bottle of water and a tumbler on the chimney-piece, completed the furniture of this classic apartment. — *Gilbert Gurney.*

A Coffee Room.—A dear, nice, uncomfortable room, with a bar opening into it, a sanded floor, an argand lamp smoking a tin tray in the middle of its ceiling, boxes along its sides, with hard carpet-covered benches, schoolboy tables, and partitions, with rods, and rings, and curtains, like those of a church-warden's pew in a country church. — *Ibid.*

Common Sense is like flour,—the other sort of sense is like sugar, and gilding, and all the rest of those things—beautiful to adorn a cake and embellish the *pâtisserie*, but, without the flour, mere ornaments—now, without the ornaments, the flour will make bread. — *Ibid.*

Courtship.—Formerly there really existed something like sentiment and affection, devoted and unqualified by worldly grovelling. Now, these exist no longer ; nobody ever hears of an unmarried woman's being seriously attached : the highly-accomplished and double-refined beauty of the period at which I write would be shocked to death if she were thought to be what in other times was called being in love. Girls like dandies, and with the dandies whom they like they flirt, and they waltz, and, if it happens to be quite convenient to all parties, eventually marry them. Wit and accomplishments have taken place of that sober serious devotion, which “looked unutterable things ;” and a man, in these times, convicted of having been upon his knees, would be as much damaged in the estimation of the sporting world, as a horse would be for the same reason. — *Ibid.*

Gambling-Houses.—So far from hazard being formerly considered a wrong or disreputable game, the kings of England, till the

reign of George III., used annually, on twelfth-night, to play hazard in an open room in St. James's Palace, which ceremony the public were admitted to witness. Hence the name given to these places of amusement.—The room in which the king publicly exhibited himself to his people, was called as those houses are now called on account of its darkness by day ; and hence the opprobrium which has fallen upon players in modern times, who congregate in places which, to the delicate imaginations of little masters and misses, deserve the same horrible appellation on account of their infamy, instead of having received it from the court itself : hence, too, the title of my worthy friend is the chair with the rake—he is called groom-porter—why, nobody on earth could possibly surmise, who did not know that in the royal hazard-playing, which has been just mentioned, it was the duty of the groom-porter of the palace to call the odds. — *Ibid.*

Oh ! how true it is that when those we have adored are gone—when those lips we have loved are sealed in silence, and can no longer speak a pardon for our indiscretions or omissions—we reproach ourselves with intentions and unkindnesses, which, at the time we then fancied them committed, would perhaps have been matters of indifference or even jest. — *Ibid.*

Poet's Tree.—In the park at Ferney, is shown an elm planted by Voltaire, in 1763, of which the trunk, in 1831, was six feet four inches in circumference, at four feet from the ground. Since that time, the tree has been so mutilated by visitors, who have stripped off portions of its bark as a memorial of the great poet of Ferney, that it has been found necessary to surround it with stakes.

The School for Scandal.—Of the original representatives of the characters in Sheridan's *chef d'œuvre*, the “School for Scandal,” and of his very witty burlesque, “The Critic,” but two survive. In the former, the widow of the late John Philip Kemble, then Miss Hopkins, first played *Maria* ; and in the latter the part of *Don Ferolo Whiskerando* was originally sustained by Mr. Bannister, jun., (familiarily called Jack Bannister,) who, save some occasional visitations of his old enemy the gout, cheerfully enjoys, in his 76th year, a green old age ; and, to the small gratification of his friends, “fights his battles o'er again,” with surprising vivacity and vigour.

Every one in his turn becomes unpopular ; the people themselves may become unpopular at last. — *Victor Hugo.*

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